

# THE BETTER WAY

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE, AND YOU SHALL FIND IT.

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## THE ROSTRUM.

Specially Reported for The Better Way by C. Bird Gould, Steerographer.

### SYNOPSIS OF LECTURE

Delivered by J. Clegg Wright, before the Society for the Advancement of Scientific Spiritualism, at Cleveland, O., Sunday Evening, January 18, 1890.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The Nineteenth Century is the century of American progress, American liberty and American ideas. America is the greatest, grandest, most potent; big with the greatest possibilities of any nation to day. Man no longer will stand the teaching of mere opinion. Knowledge is the great bulwark of our civilization. Spiritualism brought unto the world knowledge.

Spiritualism devotes itself to the phenomena which are peculiarly expressed in nature without the active presence of a brain. Spiritualism should never neglect the study of physical phenomena. Physical phenomena have been most grossly abused. Bad men and bad women have sought in the absence of mediumship to imitate as far as possible genuine phenomena. We have had a great deal of this in the past forty years, but are not going to have it in the next forty as in the past. We know more now than we did forty years ago. We know a cheat better when we see one. We are better prepared to apply scientific methods to investigation now than we were twenty years ago.

Man twenty years ago prayed too much. Veneration was too strong. The religious instinct in man is a dangerous instinct when it is too powerful. It is an instinct that will blight all knowledge when it is too strong. It will make a man superstitious. The spirit of veneration kept back the spirit of criticism. The power of analysis was crushed in the human intellect.

The greatest enemy of all human progress has been the demon of limitless religious credulity. Science is leavening man's credulity. It is making man generally a better lawyer and giving him a better knowledge and idea of the nature and value of evidence and this method has grown with the spirit of education and the development of school. This progress has brought an era of light; such an epoch of light as we never had in the world before. Educated men now except religion, except theologies, and I mean by the word religion all that theology means. The greatest thinkers of our time are

either agnostic or atheistic. The greatest scholars in the world have vaulted over into the field of free thought, and when learning has vacated superstition it is only a question of time for the multitude of men doing the same thing.

Spiritualism is the outcome of unbelief. Spiritualism could never have been the creation of any theorist who demanded a residence inside the church. It is the outgrowth of a scientific demand. It places the question of the existence of the soul in the same category with astronomy, with chemistry and with geology.

Biological studies have been prosecuted with great vigor during the past hundred years, and led to most magnificent discoveries. One of the branches of biology is anthropology, man, the study of man, the study of the human mind.

Parontology did one thing if it did no other; it turned the attention of physiologists to the investigation of the nature of the mental organism. When Gille made the demand that the brain was constructed of a series of organs and that these organs had faculties and functions personal and distinct it was a demand made founded upon observation of personal characteristics rather than upon the mere analysis of the physiology of the brain itself, but it stimulated physiologists to inquire into the nature and functions of the human brain, and this led to the development of two schools of thought: the materialistic and the spiritualistic. The materialistic psychologist holds that all of our thinking is functional; that there is no thinking entity.

I want to put the materialistic hypothesis fairly: that the action of the organs of the brain and nervous system in their united personal activity are the cause of all sensation, memory, inference, analysis, sentiment and passion; that mental states can be expressed in physical forms of motion; that physical states of motion corresponds to intellectual states. All this has been worked out by Haeckel and by others who are really of the materialistic school.

The Spiritualist psychologist says that there is a person distinct from the organism; that there is a thinking element in connection with the physical constitution of man and that this conscious, personal, soul entity has independent capabilities without the organization. Spiritualists affirm this. We are here to-night to affirm that the soul is a thing; not in the sense in which this stand is a thing but that it has an existence; a conscious, individual, personal, capable existence, and that the destruction of the body is not the destruction of this existence; that the appearance of the body is not necessarily the creation of the body; that there is an individual, conscious, self-existent soul; that this soul is elemental; that it does not depend upon anything else for its existence; that it is self-existent like an atom of oxygen; that it exists in itself apart from anything else; that it cannot be destroyed because it is self-existent. As an existence it has no parts. If the soul had parts it would not be immortal. If it was a thing that was made it would die. If it was made of some other sort of stuff it would go back to that other sort of stuff of which it was made. When we affirm that the soul is eternal, we mean that it is made of the same sort of stuff that God is made of, and that this sort of stuff is elemental; that it is not a compound; that it is not made of parts; that it stands a thinking entity; that it has teleologically made a man; that it has made a man under environment; that the environment is mechanical, and that under certain environments this majestic soul that is immortal could have been a tadpole, and under other conditions of environment could have been an archangel; in other words that a tadpole in the ditch is the stuff out of which archangels are made. Can you stand that? That is evolution with a vengeance.

Life belongs to the soul. Life is the active, the eternally active power of the soul. The soul in a tadpole is not the lowest soul. A snowflake that you never hardly see in Cleveland now, a snowflake has a soul, a piece of rock has a soul, a gold crystal has a soul, a quartz crystal has a soul. Nature creates a soul and phenomena of the differentiated forms in which this soul is phenomenally expressing itself. A volcano has a soul, the mighty waves of the ocean have souls differentiated energy. Everything that has parts is an amalgamation, the essence of which is power. The cell in protoplasm is the simplest form that the soul takes. A simple sack. There is no memory there, there is no consciousness there. The threshold of soul consciousness has not been reached. There is, correctly speaking, no vegetable kingdom; it is all animal kingdom; it is all living kingdom; everything in the order of its differentiated soul life. That is to say, environment controls the capability for the expression of all soul power.

The development of a soul life, I said, did not accompany or produce an objective consciousness, but when you build up the organization by intelligent environment you get sensitiveness. We have a sensitive plant. We have a plant that will close its leaves when you touch it. There is a kind of consciousness there. There is the dawning of a soul consciousness there, and this consciousness may not be like any thing that you can think of. You can not think of any consciousness but that which is like your own, but this consciousness is present in the sensitive plant.

In the lowest forms of locomotive organism the consciousness becomes more developed. That is, the threshold of consciousness is ever widening. The self-consciousness of the uncomposed atom is ever widening on the basis of phenomena that are not, in the orders of animal life in nature, on the same threshold of organic consciousness; so that we may trace in comparative psychology the development of order of consciousness in the animal world and at last we come to the consciousness of man on the physical plane and then we come to the consciousness of spirit on the spiritual plane, and our plane of consciousness is a widening consciousness.

When Kant wrote his "Critique on Pure Reason" he did not admit into his reasoning the facts and phenomena of somnambulism. The somnambulistic consciousness never struck his mind. The materialistic psychologist of to-day has never been struck with the wonderful meaning of the widening consciousness of the entranced mental state. Now here we have actually taking place in the cerebral activity and organization of man a growth of the threshold of self-consciousness. By self-consciousness I mean that I am conscious of being conscious. This is what I mean; I have a consciousness that I am conscious; I know that I know—and this fellow that stands behind my objective consciousness knows that he knows. That is elemental, eternal expression of the ego, and this I know that I know is eternally widening the avenues of its phenomenal knowledge. That is the point.

From the dawn of historic ages, man, by the development of his knowledge has been increasing the functional capability of the brain function—has developed organs that the need of a faculty has produced. If you have a demand made upon your nature will seek to meet that demand.

Our father and mother, Adam and Eve, in the garden of Eden could climb from tree to tree on the branches; and they could whisk their tales around those branches and swing from limb to limb; but there came a time when they did not need to climb trees that way. Ages rolled on, and their tales became aborted. We make organs and we destroy them by use and non-use.

All the dead men of the world are in heaven. They are out there in invis-

bility and the psychic power those dead men have comes back upon man. What an evolution, sympathy and activity rolling up higher and grander states of civilization, preparing man for a more widening conscious threshold. This conscious threshold—we have it universally amongst men—is a threshold of five sensational avenues or modes. Five senses constitute the objective consciousness—but five senses do not see spiritually nor feel spiritually, nor taste spiritually, nor smell spiritually, nor hear spiritually. These five senses only bring us into contact with a few things in this universe. The five senses originally unaided did not bring us into contact with animalcules. We did not know of the existence of those minute organisms which live in a drop of water or flow through a blood corpuscle.

The inventive genius of man gave us the microscope. Our senses were helped and the world made richer. The Lick telescope has enlarged our sight. We have been widening the field of observation but we have not yet sense consciousness. We are still in the domain of the five senses but when a man comes on to this platform and says, "I see a spirit coming down that isle," he makes a claim to a faculty and a function beyond the realm of matter, widening the threshold of sense-consciousness. It is a demand that is made, and phenomena are produced. Now, why cannot all men see that spirit coming down there? Because all men are not marching organically, magnetically and psychically on the same plane. Some get the enlargement of the sense of sight sooner than others, and those who have this enlargement of the sense of consciousness sooner than others are the mediums of our day. A medium is a person whose sense consciousness is widening to take invisible phenomena which were unknown to ages of the past. A medium is a Columbus discovering a new world. There is nothing supernatural in the spirit world. There is nothing supernatural in Spiritualism. A spiritualistic medium is discovering phenomena in a domain of nature like the astronomer looking through his telescope into fields of space, seeking new constellations in the universe. The medium has a larger threshold of sense consciousness so that with the development of mediumship, when mediums marry mediums and develop progeny and that progeny marry and develop progeny, and the necessity always calling is environment for making that which to you is development. That power becomes an organ. It develops that organ in the brain tissue and then it becomes normal to the objective sense consciousness. Some time, without stepping into the boots of a prophet, the men who walk this earth and shave their chins, who live and breathe and try to become politicians and so on in Cleveland, will have the ability, the normal ability, to see spirits just as my friend here (Mr. Ripley) has when he says he sees a spirit coming down that isle. Every body will see when they get old enough. This functional development leads to the development of a faculty, and the use of the faculty fixes its organic expression in the organization.

What is clairvoyance? The word does not explain anything. We might as well say A, B, C; it needs to be explained. Clairvoyance is immediate, direct seeing. Who sees? The transcendental self, the ego, this man that always existed, this man that always will exist, that is struggling against the environment ever to increase his sense-consciousness, this transcendental fellow, this man sees, under certain conditions, without eyes; hears without ears; feels without a nerve; knows without a brain and promulgates that knowledge across the transcendental threshold into the objective consciousness.

If you crack a Kentucky chestnut you are sure to find a Colonel.—Baltimore American.

**LIFE.**  
Address Delivered by Mr. Sargent before the Progressive Spiritual Conference of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday Evening, January 18, 1890.  
Specially Reported for The Better Way.

There is presented to our observation and experience life in two aspects, to our senses life of action, to our reason life invisible.

I think we can find no better definition for the term life than by saying that it is the only other condition of things aside from inertia—i. e., any matter which is void of action, motion from center to circumference. Which, in other words, is in a perfect inert state, is without life. On the contrary, all matter that is invested with motion, or action, is made so, either by principles which act within its organism, or principles which have been relegated to it by some antecedent life power.

The scientist says that motion and heat are consequent terms, wherever motion exists, there is, must be, a relative proportion of heat. The amount of heat is determined by the properties, the matter motion and its density. So wherever there is life there is visible or invisible action, and wherever there is action there is also heat. Life action is found primarily in three distinct organisms. The vegetable, which is most simple and primitive. The animal, which contributes to a degree of intuitive will power, and the super-animal, man, in which is found the nurture, and at the same time the servant of the highest type of life action—the divinity, or spirit man. We see but little life action; we feel much more, and outside of seeing and feeling we are conscious of still more.

In the structure of a city we see nothing but objects of inaction, but we are conscious of a great amount of previous life power and action. We see an object in motion from automatic action. No life or action within its own nature; but the continued action relegated by some preceding life power. That the planetary systems keep true to their native positions is sufficient evidence of a spirit or life power which exists before the objects that are controlled by it. To reason from the greater to the less, their thought or principle is illustrated in any automatic action which is the result of harnessing mechanic laws by the mind or genius of man. When applied by man the operation is finite. We see the work of the infinite in that of the planetary system. Many men have labored to produce an object which shall keep in perpetual motion. He who succeeds in doing that will have succeeded in scaling the abyss between the finite and the infinite, or will have succeeded in proving that a part is equal to the whole, which is purely paradoxical. When we call to the aid the glass that shows us the minute as well as the mighty, we are equally surprised with the relegated life action shown in the infinite space, and of the organic life action in what we may call the infinite present. The telescope power, to us infinitely above, beyond the microscope, infinity, within, below.

So much as to the general principles of action, of inaction, or of life and of death. Someone has somewhere said it takes all humanity to make a man, and when he dies he takes a whole world with him. Their thoughts seem to affirm that each individual life has a world within itself, and a world without of its own interpretation and comprehension. My grandfather ceased to see with his physical eyes about the time I began to see with mine. When we saw together his was a world to him of comparative completeness—was one of memory, imitation, ripened emotions. I then saw a world of leucation, freshness, anticipations, and yet I simply took up the panorama at the point he left it, and I saw a more complete outer world at thirty years of age than did he or could have at eighty years of age. A larger humanity and a broader scope of thought were enlisted in making me than were engaged in making him.

The cumulative environments are all the while more certive and positive. The mental tree is all the while multiplying its blossoms of truth, and when the ripened apples do fall, they now more frequently fall on the heads of the Newtons, and become food for humanity. The drift of thought this evening will be that the grandfather of the present either holds on to the lease of life too long, or should reincarnate at once into younger blood, and also that the younger blood may go too far in fancy's flight, forgetting to trim ship with sufficient and proper ballast. I find a great consolation in vesting in the thought that everything that may have been found or is found later, or is opportune and proper and right at that particular moment. The human mind cannot reason divinity into an error. It may for the moment seem error to the human mind, but that seeming arises from an error on the part of the reasoner in assuming finality to the subject of thought. Go with me in fancy to the various geological ages of the earth. In each of those ages which antedate possibly by millions of years the era of mind or ego of man, they were all complete or replete within and unto themselves; and simply factors, or mere threads in the woven fabrics of the ages. Go to the silurian age, when the mollusk was master of animate life, and the mollusk would have told you, could he have spoken, everything seems to be approaching perfection, completeness. Little could the mollusk then have thought that at some far future, would be ushered in the age of fishes, an advance step in formative creation, which should read the records of the mollusk period.

Following the fish age, comes the long period of vegetable growth and its condensation, called the carboniferous age.

Then the reptile period had its away, and then the animal until the age of mind, or man, in which we are active members, proclaim its right to be and do. This, like all other periods or ages is for the perfecting of discordant elements. What is true of the lowest and lower animal life, and that of vegetable life, is equally true of the higher man-life in the work of development, advancement. The great creative energy was and is back of all, and pushed and pushing all on to purification, perfection. It is the fermentation of the elements which finally result in the organic perfected. It was the purification, perfecting, of organic animal life which made it possible for the higher divine life to manifest itself in what is called the human organism. By this process of analogous reasoning we are brought to sense the fact, that the various activities of the human race have specific purposes, and those purposes may or may not be apprehended by the actors, almost universally misapprehended, hence the lost energies, the various friction in society, the slow progress which necessarily comes from inharmonious action, inharmonious elements, a struggle between the proper and the improper, the positive and the negative. The primitive to be good, the good to be better, the better to be best. This is the life work first of man physical, then of man mental, and then of man spiritual. We can see and know it is the work of the ages that have brought physical nature to its present stature. With great difficulty do we, can we, grasp the various elementary conditions upon which is predicated man's spiritual, then super-spiritual. The question has been, is, and will be often asked, what is life and is it worth the living? that the subject is worthy of concentrated thought. When the ordinary thinker asks what is life and its use? he does not reach beyond the mere sensations of his personal being. He simply has in mind the time between waking in the morning and going to sleep at night. To him the pleasurable sensations of the moment make life

# THE VALUE OF INSPIRATION.

BY HUMPHREY TUTTLE.

Should we, as believers, take all that comes from an inspired person as true, or should we weigh it as we do other thoughts and hold fast to that which is good?

How many have asked this question when they have first realized that they were receiving communications from the world of spirits? Surely those who have awakened from the night of this life to the grand realities of the everlasting day of the next, must speak with the tongue of knowledge and error have no place in their teachings. Back of this feeling lies the old idea of spirit and of the change of death. How often have we listened to the reflection over the casket, that its inmate knew more than all the living! Death opened the spiritual perception and the questions and doubts, and vain longings were all answered as soon as the mortal senses ceased to act. The spirit was essentially pure and possessed of unlimited perception. If not, the loss was the effect of sin.

To study this subject rightly, we must first divest our minds of the ideas and notions of spiritual existence, which have descended from the past. We are not to become spirits after death; we are spirits now as much as we shall ever be in the ages of the future. We are spirits clad in garments of earthly bodies, and when we cast aside these garments, there will be no change in the selfhood or its attainments.

The spirit steps from one sphere of existence to another, with as little change as passing from one room to another. Every quality, peculiarity and attainment is retained. Hence, when our friends return, we identify them by their known peculiarities. We expect one to be grave; another musical; another witty; from one, truth; from another the reverse.

Those who accept the old belief in the infallibility of the words of spirits, at most invariably meet with sharp rebuke in their investigations. For a time all is well, and every message is trustworthy; then faith becomes credulity, and implicit confidence is rudely shocked by a glaring falsehood. A message perhaps comes from a distant friend saying that he is dead, and minutely giving every detail, seemingly identifying and making certain its correctness. When investigated, the message proves a fabrication, and the dead replies in an irreverent letter of condolence! Such lessons are often necessary; severe in method and not easily forgotten. They may correct a fault or produce a violent reaction, which carries the over-credulous to a skepticism quite as unreasonable.

These deplorable results may be avoided by subjecting all communications to the test of reason. By the very nature of the conditions under which communications are received, we must rely on their intrinsic character as evidence of identity. There is no proof outside. Where messages are given, whatever may be the form of communication, rappings, writing, trance, etc., "test conditions" imposed on the medium are of small value compared with the evidence furnished by the communications. If genuine, they will contain unmistakable evidence of their authenticity. We receive a ten word telegram from a friend, containing important information, as the death of a relative, requiring our presence or some kind of office. We read the name; it is familiar; the wording of the message is crisp and cramped, but we say he could not enlarge, and reading it over we have full confidence that it came from the one whose name is attached. How easily we are convinced! There may not be what is called a "test" from beginning to end. We trust here almost entirely to the "conditions" which regulate the sending of telegrams. If there were references to persons and events we know, especially if known only to us and the sender, then the message would have internal evidence of genuineness, which would entirely outweigh the ordinary safeguards of transmission, which may be and sometimes are evaded.

The investigator should carefully criticize any manifestation and communication, and receive each on its individual merits. The genuineness of the message received yesterday does not prove that of to-day. A spirit should receive no more favor than a mortal, yet the judgment should take into consideration the difficulties which must be met in the transmission of thought through mediumship, and be generous in its decision.

## The Second Coming of Christ.

The entire Christian world has for years been anxiously looking for the above event to take place, but in any way far different from the rational and scientific manner in which it must finally be effected. To the theological mind—and through that the illiberal adherent of the Church—it is associated with the literal "end of the world," or Day of Judgment, long ago foretold in the Bible, where Christ comes to separate the good from the evil, and where the stupendous work of centuries (to evolve man through successive stages of mineral, vegetable and animal growth) is hurled into an abyss without so much as realizing a true state of being after so much travail has been undergone.

To us, after coming into the knowledge of spiritual things, we have in the

past ten years in an open walk with God and spirit, such a worn-out conception as this seems ridiculous and unworthy the enlightened and scientific age we are living in. We are, assuredly, living in that great "day," or dispensation of judgment, wherein great social changes are effected, where the rich are forced to consider the poor, where agitation of thought in every department of life is the rule rather than the exception, where men—rich and poor, high and low—are coming nearer to each other in that great brotherhood of common humanity, so long prayed for, but so hard to realize. This is the real judgment that is taking place—the rational one while church people are saying their prayers and looking from the housetops for the Savior coming in great glory with justice in his hands to mete out to good and bad alike.

Christ is coming again in the Christ spirit that is stealing quietly over the land and into men's hearts, but He is also coming again in a rational, spiritual manner through a chosen medium whom He has raised up, trained, educated and subjugated to his will for purposes of use. It is Spiritualism—Spiritualism dispensed by the very Church that is looking for Him—that will bring forth the man child—son of God and son of man—that the world is looking for. The time is ripe—all signs point the need of such a one and he is here and ready. Claim upon claim has been planted as a ground work, but now proof must come and it has been prayed for long and earnestly until almost faint and weary by the way from suffering and delay.

To be a Christ means to be a master medium, a teacher, a servant of the spirit, a leader—even a secretary to write the will of God to man as it comes to the prepared mind for expression. It means a servant rather than a God—an ideal rather than an idol—something to imitate rather than worship. Not simply an ideal of love as it was 2000 years ago, but one of Love, Wisdom and Truth—a true Spiritual Messiah—a complete character rather than a partial one. Such a character will not come all at once; it must be built slowly and is now slowly arising out of the terrible "slough of despond"—out of the crucifixion through which it has passed—into the brighter and more useful life that is before it. The movement needs one "led of God," and so recognized, to lead it out of the "wilderness" into the "happy hunting grounds" of a purer, wiser, holier life, into the new humanity where there is "neither male nor female, where two are as one" and where "a little child shall lead them" because led of God himself.—C.

## BEGGING.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Spiritualists do not begin to know how to beg for their cause as the Christian does for his. Nearly twenty years ago I wrote the following experience—one week's experience among the Christians; and it was my last week's attendance, and the last of my going to the Christian church. If Spiritualists would beg for our cause and make one half the effort to raise money that the Christian does, our cause would flourish like a green bay tree, and we would not be dragging along without churches or halls of our own to hold our meetings in.

## BEGGARS.

Mr. Editor: The Christian claims this, our country, to be a Christian country. Well, we will admit it is, but we will also admit that we, as a Christian country, are a nation of beggars. I will mention, by the way, that Nature, or natural law, has endowed me with brain power, or intellect, or sound reasoning abilities enough, so that I am what you might call comfortably well fixed, or have cash enough to get along with.

Well, on Sunday morning, the first day of the week, mind you! I, with the wife (my wife belongs to and is a member of a Baptist church, so that I am brother-in-law) go to church, and before we get a morsel of the bread of life thrown down to us from the chap in the pulpit, around comes the box, and ten to twenty cents goes to the beggar again. After the service, one of the deacons comes along and says: "Bro. D., we are trying to raise the debt from off our little church," and before you know it, up sails a good looking, plump little sister, and the little craft looks so neat and trim in her Sunday rig that your heart softens, and down goes \$50 to \$100 for (the church) the beggar.

Monday evening, as I am enjoying my cigar, along comes a sister with her husband to make a friendly call, and before 9 p. m., out comes the little book, and down goes one to five dollars for the poor heathen that need clothing and grub more than he does Christ, and the Christian beggar is ahead again. Tuesday goes on quietly enough until, along in the afternoon, I call at one of the brother's groceries to purchase a few articles, and behold! I drop into a squad of ladies out on a foraging expedition to get money enough to buy the minister a new coat. I kick on giving anything for the coat, but when I get home I find that the same squad had bamboozled the wife out of a dollar or so, and the Christian beggar is ahead of me again.

Wednesday I start out with the resolution that I hope to be—kicked if I give one eternal red cent to a beggar of any kind to day. Well, that resolution holds good until evening, when a crowd of little fairies in the shape of little misses of twelve to fifteen years, crowd around the old man, and fifty cents to a dollar is gone for tickets to their Sunday school concert, and the beggar is ahead again.

Thursday morning I drove a book agent out with a club, but in the afternoon a 250 pound creature of the female persuasion came in with a R. V. Somebody's travels through the Holy Land, and, after a half hour's tussle with her, got rid of her without buying a book. As I was getting into my buggy to go home, our minister came along, and of course I took him to his residence, where I found a sister, an old maid, who did not have meat enough on her bones to enjoy anything on this earth at all, and as she was out on the war path, she "went for" me for a little subscription for the Home Mission. Well, to make a long story short, it was worth a dollar to get rid of her, so I gave her one and ran, and the Christian beggar was ahead of me again.

Friday was an off day, but when I got home at night I found an old spinster at a deacon at my house, enjoying a nice supper with my wife, (I am and have been a little jealous of this old "Deac." for some time), and I put on my tough side out, and the Deacon had to go away without talking anything but politics; but as the wife has already asked me for another five to apply on buying that new bonnet, I mistrust that the great beggar, the church, is ahead again.

Saturday morning I swore a big oath that the first Christian beggar that should ask me for a cent on that day "should surely die," and I suppose that I looked so cross all day that none dare ask for anything. But at night I got a letter dueling me for a subscription of \$25, that I had put my name to three months ago! I paid it and the "eternal Christian beggar" had me again, "every day in the week."

To-morrow is Sunday again, and I hope I may be eternally damned according to the most approved Christian style, if I go to church any more or give a cent to any Christian beggar.

J. W. DENNIS.

Written for The Better Way.

## WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

J. D. CALDWELL.

[The following essay was written without any view to publication. The writer not being a Spiritualist, that he knows of, having been reared in the Catholic Church, and having spent twenty-seven years in that communion, may be excusable if anything is said that may grate harshly on the ears of Spiritualists. I never saw a Spiritual circle, never saw a seance, never interviewed a medium, and, in fact, have not the acquaintance of a Spiritualist. I have heard three lectures. Got nothing from them. It is one of the hardest things to break away from a church home. How I came to get into a Spiritual meeting I can't tell. I was led there by some unseen power. After being there I was so impressed with some of the truths that I got there again and again. What I have written below I do not hold myself responsible for; it was dictated by some power over which I had not control, the pen was guided, and the thoughts came like a mighty river:]

1. Spiritualism is a religion; nay, more, it is the essence of all the religions. All the other religions are negative. What I mean by positive is this: A Spiritualist knows without doubt that the spirit world is a reality. It is not a matter of faith, as the churches tell us, but a stern truth in which millions of souls bear testimony. Spirits do hover around us, they are our guides in this world as well as in the next. There are bad spirits as well as good spirits. Every human soul has two guardian spirits, the good and the bad. Often we hear of and see priests in the church, as well as mediums turn out bad. This is no fault of the church or Spiritualism. They are controlled by bad spirits. Spiritualism is not of recent origin. It existed over a thousand years ago; Modern Spiritualism, the faith of the present age is about forty-five years old. What wonderful progress has been made the last few years in spiritual advancement. Look at the press, a credit to any people. Elegantly printed journals are away ahead of any of the sects. Not only typographically do these spiritual papers excel, but where can be found so readable and crisp newspapers as so ably herald the spiritual philosophy of to-day.

What is Spiritualism? In another place in this essay I have defined what it is. It is more than I said; it is a power that cannot be crushed. God chooses to make the despised, unpopular, unfashionable, ignorant, and poor Spiritualist, confound the learned priests of the world with its truths. They thought they had it killed when the Katy King fiasco was before the people. Again, when the Fox sisters said there was nothing in it, these people stretched themselves and said, "I told you so." Did Judas kill the religion of Jesus when he turned traitor? No, he did not! So is it with the Spiritual religion of our time. With every exposure by mountebanks, fakirs and rascals of whatever name, it rises and shines brighter than before. This is one of the evidences that God is in it. It would take a mighty avalanche to crush it now. I do not know whether it was

Phillips Brooks or Clegg Wright who said, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." It doesn't make any difference which said it, it is not original with either of them—true anyhow.

Clegg Wright says a medium is born, not made. From my standpoint I don't know what to make of this expression. Mr. Wright ought to be authority on spiritual affairs. If it be true some men and women are longer getting born than others; that's all.

Spiritualists have no use for creeds—don't believe in them; have no priests—don't want them. Why? Because a medium is an agent between an inquiring soul and the spirit land. Mediums cannot help being mediums. God made them what they are. It is impossible for every one to be a medium, because they are not called to be leaders. St. Peter says, "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." This is a figurative expression, and will apply as well to mediums. St. Peter was a Spiritualist. The Church referred to was a spiritual church—the rock was the foundation of all true believers, and the hell was still in its former form.

Written for The Better Way.

## LOOK WITHIN.

BY BERTHA FRENCH.

Since life began happiness has been life's object. Man has toiled for gold to buy it; he has striven for fame to win it; has struggled for place and power to gain it. But, as he approaches the gate of the city of happiness, like the fateful mirage it disappears, and he knows it was only a city of dreams.

Oh, foolish world! Ever striving and looking for happiness in external things when it can only be found within. Happiness can never be found in external circumstances; the wealth of a Cæsar cannot buy it. A sweet peace (that transcends happiness) can only be attained by placing ourselves in harmony with ourselves and our environments, to realize that over the universe there hovers an Oversoul of love and wisdom, and so—in consonance with that idea—we must believe that whatever happens must be for the best, for our development, even if, with our finite faculties, we cannot understand the ways of the Infinite.

To feel that all that is required of us is to do each day what the God within tells us is right. But, instead of doing our duty in the "living present," we fret and fume, drive away the angel of peace and burden our tired hearts with regrets for our yesterdays and fears of our to-morrows. Ah! would it not be wiser and happier, to each day do our duty and leave the results with God to rest as confidently in the arms of the Infinite as "rests the earth in the soft arms of the air," to know that the same power that holds the stars in space; that gives the butterfly its robe of gold; that from a seed brings shoots and leaves, and at last the blushing, ripened fruit, has in his care the guiding of our destinies; the ripening and perfecting of our lives.

It is by thus bringing our inner consciousness into receptive harmony that we gather wisdom; for, as Emerson says, "The heart which abandons itself to the supreme mind finds itself related to all its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledge and powers." Why should we spend all our time pouring over musty books? Would it not be better to devote a little time—if but a few moments each day—to meditation? To listening to the God that speaks within? How shall we hear his voice? By shutting the doors of outer consciousness, and the soul free, receptive and aspiring will drink from the fount of inspiration according to its capacity to receive. It is by aspiration and inspiration that we grow.

When in this exalted state of mind the universe is mine, though I dwell in a dungeon; this life dwindle to mere episode, a prologue, after which stretches the poem of eternity. I shake hands as it were with the wise and good of every age; I feel their thoughts, for "thoughts" are not only "things," but are magnets. "Like attracts like," so whatever mood is mine, whether peaceful or tempestuous, I attract an augmentation by thought, that unseen telegraph from mind to mind. So it is important that I use all the power of my will to make my mind a throne where only pure and peaceful thoughts shall reign. As man has ever sought for knowledge in external things, when within him dwells the highest, so has he looked for God in books and crumbling creeds; has pictured him as a person sitting on a throne above the clouds, endowed like man with the human attributes of anger, malice and revenge, with a partial eye for few. (God is within every soul. He is within and is a part of the whole universe. Every flower is a pulpit wherein God preaches. Every star that flares through space reflects his love and wisdom. In the thrilling song of birds, in the plaintive murmur of the wind and the low, sweet choir of the brook we hear God's choir; and 'mid lofty mountain scenes, or in the solitude of some forest palace,

through whose leafy walls come flickering beams of gold, domed by the azure web of sky and carpeted by nature's velvet green; the soul awed and expanded, thrilled by nature's mysteries, hears God's words and thinks his thoughts. Every kindly thought and deed is a throne wherein God sits. In every work of genius, in every heroic act we feel his presence. In the lowliest conditions of degradation and crime there is the delicate germ working by the slow grades of evolution toward perfection. And the one who has the highest aspirations and strives to make those aspirations bloom into daily deeds; who feels most the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race, that, as Emerson says, "The heart in thee is the heart of all." That one blood flows uninterrupted, an endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and, truly seen, its tide is one. Such a one will be in closest communion and receptive of its influence that Over-soul we call God, the All Father.

But why should I try to write? Oh, the despair of trying to express thoughts! Thoughts crowd my brain, but when I strive to give them utterance they are but "words, words, words," and how poor they seem! how like beggars clad, compared with thought, the king imperial that dwells within.

## Thirty Years Ago.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

There has lately fallen into my hands a copy of one of the first papers published in this country devoted to the interests of Spiritualism. "The Herald of Progress," published by A. J. Davis & Co. in the city of New York, started in 1860; so the copy I send you is thirty years old. I do not remember how long it lived, though familiar with it at the time.

It is very interesting, as showing the almost miraculous strides that our glorious cause has taken in its progress all over the civilized world since the birth of this paper.

On looking over its pages I find but little mention made of any other phase of mediumship except inspirational and trance speaking. There is no need of taking time and space here to mention the numerous and different kinds of mediumship that have been developed in all grades of society since then, as all readers can do that for themselves. Further search reveals the fact (as I, say what we may) that of all the names then prominent as inspirational and trance speakers, media writers and authors, hardly one remains whose name is seen in any of our papers, or known to the many thousands of their readers at the present day.

Of authors and writers, Bro. Hudson Tuttle's name still shines with undimmed lustre. He had at that early time contributed to the new Spiritualistic literature two works, still extant, I suppose, "Scenes in the Spirit World," and "The Arcana of Nature." And if he has been at work during all these intervening years, no one can say that he has not done his share of hard work in laying deep and broad the foundation on which rests the most glorious structure the world has ever seen. And let all Spiritualists cherish and do honor to his name while he is yet with us, that he may see that the labor that his heart and hand hath wrought is appreciated and he can say, "I have done what I could" to bring light to those whom all their lives have been setting in darkness and despair.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the "Spiritual Poetmaster," whose name is known all over the world, is still living, still doing his work as no man else has ever done it, and but a few have borne up under heavier burdens than he has, vilified and persecuted by enemies within and without the ranks of Spiritualists, he has triumphed over them all, trusted and loved by all that know him. His sun of life must be nearing its setting. The editor of the Herald of Progress, A. J. Davis, was a wonder and a phenomenon in himself. He was an instrument in the hands of spirits, and through his strange organism a great work was done, a mighty upheaval of the hitherto stagnant elements of the human world took place. I suppose he did all that was required of him, and perhaps by the teachings of the spirits through him, very many men, and women too, were developed to take up the work and carry it on to a higher degree of usefulness, hence his name is not so prominent or well known by the present generation as it was thirty years ago. Many of those whose names are recorded in this old paper I know have passed on; let us hope to receive the reward denied them here of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the rest prepared for thee by thy 'spirit friends'." And the least we, their followers can do, is to let them see (and we profess to believe they can see us, don't we?) that there are some who honor and respect their memories and cherish their names in affectionate regard for the good work done by them in their day and generation.

E. A. W.

President Harrison says the Lord brought about his election. Wana-maker thinks it was his contribution to the campaign fund that did it. (I say is certain that it was the result of his good management. Clarkson holds that if he had not stolen the subscription books of the V. ice, the prohibition vote would have thrown New York to the democrats. Didley says "blocks of five" elected Harrison. Carnegie is certain that his little story of the dinner-pail did the business, and Balue is confident that his Irish-Catholic vote settled the matter. We think the President is mistaken. If there is one thing more than another that the Lord would not touch with a ten-foot pole, it is the democratic and republican parties.—Ex-

# Written for The Better Way.

Spiritualism and Spiritualism.

BY H. WASHINGTON.

These two terms may be, and I am sorry to say are, too often as far apart as chemist and chemistry usually are. Some one who can compound a few drugs—to the ruin of the health of the one who swallows it, oftentimes, and who may be able to trace arsenic in the stomach, when taken from any cause, is often called a chemist. Is the science of chemistry thus set forth? Chemistry is the language of primal spirit in the universe. It means every force operating everywhere under the guidance of ultimate spirit.

One may be called a Spiritualist who has attended a seance, or who is glib enough to attempt to believe something because some friend says so, and so as his experience. Forthwith you hear, "Well, J. H., don't you think Dick Mumblebe is a Spiritualist?" Dick may blaspheme, falsify, disregard his word, chew, snuff, or smoke tobacco, or all of them. Get the dollars honestly, if the easiest way, or any way, if the other way, and yet he may be called a Spiritualist. But what is Spiritualism?

It is the language of the universe, including the Primal Intelligence itself.

In order that the general public may readily distinguish between many of so-called Spiritualists and Spiritualism, I suggest this plan: To call all those who make no attempt to purify of soul or body, and who yet have learned a few facts concerning spirit return, simply lies. This leaves of the spiritual, which has an elevating ring to it, and may be added when the dross is melted out of the lots.

This would aid the outside world to readily know what state we are in. All language should be as pertinent as possible.

A frog passes through seven states or distinct stages of development before it reaches maturity. Zoologists have a special name for all these stages, and in no case do they call a tadpole a frog. No crystals or grub is ever called a butterfly or a butterbiter. Why call an in Spiritualist? Let us show the world that we are accurate and honest and ask a careful nomenclature. We may organ z and christen our organization "come outers," because this term will imply that we have stepped out of any or many of the shadows and jungles of crees and bogtrot, and are looking up the path that leads toward the light.

We need not wait till we are on the ultimate of development before the splendid name Spiritualist is applied. But the father and husband who returns from his labors who doesn't bring more sunshine home with him than he fore comes short of the standard. If when he leaves he doesn't kiss his wife twice and his little ones one more time before than ever before, then he is not to the normal effects of spiritual influence, and is an idiot. The wife who does not add an extra raisin to the plum pudding for her husband, and if the pudding consist wholly of roast potatoes, then an extra blessing of affection and smiles upon them for him and the little ones, then she is an idiot; I don't know about that till I learn more about all the facts in the case.

The bachelor or maid, bond or free investigates Spiritualism and falls to have hence wider and higher views of the universe, from the ant to the grandest system of planets in space, then he or she is a small idiot. It is the large minds who see something grand in everything, hence are charitable toward all.

Tune the harp of thy spirit, reader in the sweet music of the universe and in a true Spiritualist.

## "Let Them Rap."

To the Editor of The Better Way.

With regard to Bro. Dennis' friendly criticism on my article under the above title, I wish to say Bro. D. is right. I nor no other human being in the flesh, know anything about God, only as we see him in nature. And spirits who have passed to the seventh sphere (if there is such a place) claim that they have not seen him, and know as little about him as we do.

A God that we can place on a throne, and walk all around and gaze at, and measure and size up, and tell what he likes and dislikes, and know just what he thinks, and what he is going to do, is not the kind of a God I worship.

When I said, "you cannot hinder God," I meant that you could not hinder that irresistible force that sweeps on, that listens not to our prayers or groans, that heeds not our tears, that tempers not "the storm to the storm lamb." That power that turns neither to the right nor to the left for king or potentate, to whom the monarch on his throne, or the beggar in his rags, must bow and fall. Call it God if you will, the word is not a "red rag" to me, like it is to some. Or call it force of nature, or the great over-soul, or what you will, it is all the same to me. It is that grand inconceivable thing in nature that is perfectly unknowable, unseeable, incomprehensible and undesirable, and this is just as it should be. "Ye cannot flout God."

S. T. STODICK.

To enjoy life you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

Words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.—Byron.

Policeman—"I arrest you."

Innocent stranger—"What for?"

Policeman—"None as yet back talk or Oil club yer. Oil found some reason be on here and the station."

## STRANGE DOINGS.

The New York Herald publishes a strange narrative of ghastly pranks that are taking place in Pontiac county, near the sources of the Ottawa river.

The particular locality of these doings has been the farm of George Dagg, a plain and simple countryman. The family consists of George Dagg, aged 35 years; his wife Susan, Mary Dagg, aged 5, and Johnny Dagg, aged 2. Besides these an 11-year-old girl, Dinah Burden McLean, lives with the family. She is one of the children sent out to this country by old country philanthropists.

Various rumors reached Ottawa in regard to the happenings at the Dagg farm, but not much attention was paid at first, as it was naturally set down to the gullibility and superstition of an ignorant population. The story in effect was that on Sept. 15, last year, Mr. Dagg gave his wife a five-dollar bill and a two-dollar bill, which she put in a bureau drawer. On the following day a boy who did chores on the farm brought a five-dollar bill to Dagg, saying he had found it on the floor near the stove. When examination was made it was found that the two dollar bill was missing from the drawer. The boy, whose name is Dean, was accused of the theft, and on his bed being searched the money was found concealed between the quilts. He maintained stoutly that he was not the thief. Nothing further was done until a series of petty annoyances were begun, which have been maintained ever since, only that they have increased in number and mysteriousness. Milk pans were emptied, butter was taken from the crocks, filth was strewn on the floor, and no matter in what inaccessible places these articles were placed, the tricky spirit was able to get at them and exhibit his malevolence.

A day or two after this, while the family were in the house, a pane of glass came crashing into the room. Careful watch was kept, but the mischief continued until almost all the glass in the house was broken, yet no visible perpetrator could be discovered. After this fires began to break out spontaneously, the window curtains and other things about the house being burned, as many as eight fires in different parts of the house breaking out in one day. On one occasion a large stone came through the open door and struck the little 5-year-old daughter of Mr. Dagg on the breast, but, strange to say, not hurting her in the least. Dishes were broken, water was emptied out of the pitchers, and on one occasion Mrs. Dagg got a douche of cold water in the face from some unseen quarter.

One afternoon little Dinah felt her hair, which hung in a long braid down her back, suddenly pulled. Her cries brought the family to her side and they found her braid almost cut off, simply hanging by a few hairs. It looked as if it had been sawed off with a knife.

On the same day little Johnny cried out that some one was pulling his hair. Immediately it was seen by his mother that his hair also had been cut off in spots over his head.

Shortly after this old Mrs. Dagg, who had moved into the house with her husband after the beginning of these extraordinary occurrences, was tidying up one of the bedrooms one day, when the little girl Dinah screamed out, "Oh, grandmother, see the big black thing pulling off the bedclothes." The old lady turned and could see nothing except the clothes being raised up as though some one had caught them in the middle and was lifting them up.

"Where is it, Dinah?" she asked.

"Why, don't you see him? He is jumping over the bedstead," said Dinah.

The old lady picked up a whipstock and told Dinah to strike him. Dinah plucked up heart and struck at the monster that was only visible to her eye. While she was administering the blows a neighbor named Smart came into the room, and he also encouraged Dinah to lay on the whip. There was a young fellow with Smart, and all declare that after Dinah had been plying her whip for a while a loud squeal was heard like the squeal of a pig, and Dinah desisted, saying the black beast had vanished.

After this voices began to be heard. Percy Woodcock, of Brockville, Ont., a well-known Canadian artist, and who is besides a student of psychology, was informed of the matter and decided to investigate. He is a member of the American Society for Psychical Research, and would cheerfully travel 500 miles to investigate an alleged haunted house or a spook-infested hollow.

Arrived at Dagg's place, Mr. Woodcock, after hearing a history of the case, took the child Dinah out into the shed attached to the house. Dinah said, "Are you there, mister?" and, to Mr. Woodcock's astonishment, a deep, gruff voice, as of an old man seemingly within four or five feet of him, answered her. The language of the voice was quite unfit for polite ears, and even when not coarse, was common and rude.

Recovering from his astonishment, Mr. Woodcock began to expostulate with the voice and berate it for the expressions to which it gave vent. It expressed the greatest antipathy to Mr. Woodcock and to the girl Dinah. The conversation with the voice continued at intervals for five hours, the greater part of the time being spent in the house, although it began in the shed. During that time scores of people arrived at the place and heard the remarks of the invisible one.

The following Sunday many people came to the house, among them a Baptist clergyman, Rev. Mr. Bell, who held service there. He finally commanded the spirit in the name of the Savior to depart. After Mr. Bell had gone the voice sang in the hearing of all who were there a hymn.

The listeners declare that the voice was quite altered. The gruff tones had given place to a sweet soprano, to which the simple farmers, their wives and daughters listened with awe, while many shed tears, and one lady became hysterical.

On Monday morning the two Dagg children and Dinah, who had gone to the draw well, returned to the house in haste and said with great excitement that they had seen a beautiful old man dressed in shining garments, who had addressed endearing words to the little ones, and then bidding them good bye, had mounted into the air, leaving behind him what the children described as a "line of blaze," and so vanished.

Is all this hallucination? If it is, attested as it is by scores of people in their senses, it is the strongest hallucination in history.

"HOW IS A SPIRIT RAP PRODUCED?"

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In THE BETTER WAY of December 21st, 1889, there is an article headed with the question, "How is a Spirit Rap Produced?" I have been looking with much interest in each subsequent number of the B. W. for an answer to that question from some one whose experience might be given to the readers of our favorite paper with much benefit to others, who are still groping in doubt and unbelief, while trying to solve the many seeming mysteries that underlie the physical manifestations of spiritual phenomena; and one of them is the little rap; and isn't it a little queer to say the least, that such a question should or could be asked after forty years of such an outpouring of light and knowledge? (wish I could say wisdom as well) as has come to this little world of ours.

The writer of this article mentioned above says: "I have been recently giving this question some consideration, and so far as my personal experiments have gone, I am led to think that the peculiar percussive sounds by which our spirit friends often give communications, are not really raps at all." Further on he says: "This movement, as all spirit movements are, I take it, is not physical, but caused by opposition to the earth's gravitation by a counter magnetic attraction."

Well, it may be through my stupidity that I fail to comprehend the meaning of that sentence. Another thing: did any one ever hear, see or feel a spiritual manifestation that had not a material or physical object of some kind or by through which the spiritual was manifested?

Again, in the same article, is this quotation from the editor of Light: "In the Spiritualism of Edmonds and Dextier there is a drawing showing how above and below a table at which a sitting is being held, there is a reservoir of force, (I wonder what holds it) the raps being made by equilibrium between these two storages of psychical force. It isn't pleasant to myself seem to expose my own ignorance, but I can't understand that, either. Then follows the important question, "Are all raps made in the same way?" I guess not, for I fail to see how the manifesting spirit or spirits can carry around with them these reservoirs of force, and always have them ready at a moment's notice, be they large or small.

That there is an element in the organism of a rapping medium, call it force or what we will, that the spirits use in their manifestations, we all know; but I don't know as it has ever been discovered just what that element is; and as I have heard raps on almost everything, solid walls that could give no vibration; on clothing, on footstools beneath the feet; yes, and on my head, and I don't think there is room for much of a reservoir there, but never without the presence of a rapping medium.

We all know what has come to the world of humanity since the first tiny rap was heard in the humble, quiet home of the Fox family in Hydesville. Small as it was, it went reverberating around the world, gaining in power and momentum as it "traveled on." Nothing could stay its progress—nothing ever will.

No one supposes that the poor murdered peddler had any knowledge of either spiritual or physical science, or had any plans laid to bring about results as followed his efforts to make his presence known and the cruel wrong from which he suffered. He probably was held to the place from the time his life was taken 'till he was released by having the privilege to make his story known by influences of which he knew nothing.

A friend of mine, who had been a great sufferer from many causes, said, through an excellent medium, (a warm friend of his, before he passed away) that, although she had met and been lovingly received by her many friends on her awakening to consciousness on the spirit side of life, yet she had been so strongly attracted to her old home as much by what she had suffered there, as by what she had enjoyed, and that she had never left it and did not think she should until something happened to destroy the influences that held her. She said there was a dark cloud hovering over the house, but she could not see what it was. It was not long after that that the house and all its contents were entirely destroyed by fire, and she was released.

Well, I have wandered away from my subject, but as I think no fact can be given pertaining to Spiritualism but what will interest some one, I will suppose myself forgiven and return to the raps.

If I rightly remember, a number of families who had moved into the Hydesville house were so much disturbed by the raps and other strange noises that they were driven out. At any rate it remained for a little innocent child, when she heard the persistent rapping, to open the door and

let the long suffering wanderer in, just as we, when summoned to the door by a rap, will open and let the rapper in. There may be many others awaiting entrance, but it needed only one to make their presence known.

I began this article with the intention of relating an incident that occurred in my experience while on a visit at the home of the justly celebrated "Eddy Brothers," as they are called, (but the whole family should be included, as they are all mediums,) in the town of Chittenden, Vt., thinking it might throw a ray of light on the still unanswered question, "How is a rap made?" Still, it may not; but as reading the article in THE BETTER WAY set me to thinking, it may do the same for others; and who knows but what this little narrative may not fall under the notice of some one who may remember it, as I know there were some eminent people there from Ohio at the same time. The temptation is great to write of the strange and wonderful events that occurred there during my visit. But I will confine myself to the one subject of not only hearing but seeing how some raps were made.

The home of the Eddy's was for years crowded by all sorts of people from—well, everywhere. And the brothers for their own convenience and the better accommodation of the multitude, built a large hall over a wing extending from the main building. I think it was forty feet long by twenty wide, and across one end a platform was built about three feet from the floor, giving every one a clear view of all the spirits and their manifestations. A cabinet or closet had been partitioned off and plastered on both sides, with a door with only a curtain hanging before it. A railing enclosed the platform, leaving an opening for the steps that led up to it. On the occasion of which I am writing, William Eddy being in the closet, a great many spirits had come out and in various ways had made themselves known to their friends. Some spoke in strong, clear tones that all in the audience could hear; other seeming weak and feeble; still they made themselves known and talked with their friends, and there were many affecting scenes.

This being my first experience at a materialization of spirit forms, I was so much absorbed in watching the weird scene (and I believe I never once thought of a spirit coming to me) that I didn't wake up till I heard the voice of the manager saying, "Don't keep the spirit waiting; ask the question." "Is it for me?" The order was to begin at the end of the first row of seats and ask in order till the spirit responded. When the manager spoke a spirit form had come from the cabinet, walked the whole length of the platform and was standing exactly in front of me. Well, I asked the question—rainily with no fear, but with a great deal of trepidation, and was surprised when I found that I was the favored one. In my confusion I mentioned the name of two relatives, knowing I was wrong. Being a little more collected by this time, (for I perfectly identified the personality of the spirit,) I could better watch the manner of the spirit giving answers to my questions. He did not, and I suppose could not speak. My first and all my questions were answered by raps; two raps for no, three for yes, and each rap was made by raising his hand and striking with his knuckles on the railing (on which he seemed to lean for support) just as mortals always do it, and I think were heard all over the room. O her spirits may have announced themselves in the same way, only this was what I saw and heard myself. I don't think that there was any reservoir there.

One other manifestation I saw. The thousands that visited the beautiful Green Mountain home of the Eddy brothers will remember the giant Indian chief, Santo. By the way, the burial place of the tribe that formerly roamed over these beautiful hills and valleys, is on their land and in plain view of the house. Santo came out of the cabinet, and, after walking around awhile, raised up his hand and struck the ceiling a number of resounding blows, then retired. There may be many kinds of raps by which our spirit friends can make their presence known. If they will only come to me, a weary, way-worn pilgrim on the western shore of life's journey, I will gladly open my door to any kind of a rap they may give.

I have already written more than I intended, but if it will induce others to come forward who have had a great deal more experience, and a larger amount of knowledge than I have, it will benefit many an inquiring mind without doubt.

Compared with what we know, how vast the field that lies before us from which to glean vital truths so necessary to our growth and well being in this short and troubled life. How much yet to learn of the beautiful sublime mysteries of Spiritualism. Mysteries no longer when the dark clouds of ignorance have been rolled away and a "little child shall lead us."

Why not put this question direct to the spirits themselves? To those who can control the little sensitive psychograph, or, better yet, a slate writer, or even one who can use the crude spirit board so-called, let them answer it if they can. I should not be surprised if their answer is, "I don't know." As a general rule, spirits seem to like to be credited with the ability to answer all questions put to them, and don't like to acknowledge their ignorance any more than we poor mortals do. So let us seek their aid in solving this troublesome question, knowing that they have access to sources of knowledge and wisdom denied to us on the material plane of life. If this article should arrest the attention of one or more of the readers of THE BETTER WAY, and they have the privilege of consulting the spirits through any of the above mentioned ways, will they please transmit the result of their efforts to THE BETTER WAY and thus help others in their search after knowledge, who have only a rush light to guide them on the thorny road.

E. A. W.

Thought is the expression of spirit through matter, bearing with it something of the substance through which it passes. Thus, thoughts are things, or rather, they become things whenever they seek expression. Their degree of tangibility may be measured by the force and power with which they impinge themselves upon the consciousness of others.—Golden Gate.

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A map of Summerland and the subdivisions of the Rancho, with a pamphlet giving all particulars will be mailed to any address. The land is now being subdivided into lots of one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred, and two hundred acres. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back and two and a half miles to the north extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque background. A most beautiful view of the mountains, ocean, and city, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

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Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned, where parties cannot be present, to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others, without cost (other than recording fee), if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

## REFERENCE:

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CINCINNATI - - - FEBRUARY 1, 1930

A. F. MELCHERS - - - - - EDITOR

At Two Dollars per Year to Subscribers in the United States, Two Dollars and a half to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application. In the United States The Better Way will be sent Six Months for \$1.00. The Better Way cannot well undertake to reach for the benefit of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interdicted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest and unworthy of action.

When the last office address of The Better Way is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address. Notice of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as The Better Way goes to press every Wednesday.

## NOTICE

All communications pertaining to either the editorial or business department of this paper, or letters containing money, to reach us, and under which condition only we can assume responsibility for the same, must be addressed and money orders made payable to THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., South West Corner of Plum and McFarland, CINCINNATI, O.

Some have so little good in them that it doesn't take much to blacken them.

As well as we are able to find an excuse for our mistakes we should be able to find one for those of our brother mortals.

Say all the good you can of another, but not by showing up the evils of a fellow mortal. It drags the former down with the latter.

Dreams are generally the reflex of our actual self—the more practical we are in daily life the more natural the dreams, and vice versa.

"In God we Trust" is the motto of the average American statesman, though they have stamped on the money they are after "In God we Trust."

Some people do not sympathize as readily as others because they dare not, their sympathy being too intense when giving way to it, and thus suffer unnecessarily.

As the daily papers keep the records of all the public men now, the recording angel in heaven has but to refer to the files of the former for information concerning a new comer from these ranks.

"I find much in the columns of THE BETTER WAY, much to uplift and make better each human being. The editorials teach us truth and purity. I turn to that page with interest."—MRS. CELIA LOUCKS

Rich and poor are necessary to make up a community. Without the consumer the producer could not thrive. What would the many shops do without buyers and if all were poor there would be little buying done, and if all were rich who would labor.

The most skeptical often prove to be the most credulous in the end. The confounding of the wise as spoken of in the bible was a hit at human conceit. Those who take others for fools generally fool themselves in the long run, and the biggest donkey of all is who fools himself.

Curb your angry emotions in either conversation, debate or feelings towards others, and your temper when reprimanding your children or servants. It will save you many a headache—anger, irascibility and excitement stirring up the bile and nervous system and producing the pain mentioned.

If you must be critical be just in your criticisms. Unjust criticism is both selfish and presumptuous. In one we are doing an unloving act and in the other we are presuming to know what we don't know, which is arrogant. Those who are more critical than just are unworthy and incompetent judges.

A liberal paper which gives Spiritualism a slight rap over the knuckles in one portion of its issue says in another that "Liberalism aims at the moral elevation of man." Well, Spiritualism doesn't aim at it only but does elevate man morally. By simply aiming at it we may miss it, and often by hitting a thing we knock it down. So, if the two, Spiritualism is the surest road to moral elevation.

Learn how to prepare conditions to receive your known departed friends before telling the world of ancient spirits or of such that only exist conjecturally. One word—a name or a familiar by-name—is worth more as a test of spirit communion than a book full of syllogisms. Let our intercourse with spirits, like charity, begin at home—not "beyond the stars" or at remote ages where proofs are lacking to establish our claims.

"Jackass!" uttered a man contemptuously after reading an editorial in a popular journal of moral culture. Whether this was meant for the editor, or was a reverberation of the effect it had in his own soul, is not told. But as the first effect that a philosophic truth has on us is to give us some light on our own character or nature, it may be presumed that the above expression was a due appreciation of his own nature and an immediate acknowledgment as to its specific resemblance.

Don't repeat too often what you are going to do, but do it and let others do the talking about it afterwards if it's worth talking about. Great promises invite great expectations and often cause disappointments that place later achievements, even when worthy, at a disadvantage which requires extraneous efforts to bring into notice. Rather disappoint beyond expectations by producing more than was promised. This induces favorable comment and lightens your own efforts.

We claim that our government is secular, and that whenever prayers are offered in Congress or in legislatures; whenever chaplains are appointed in the army or navy; whenever our courts administer an oath; whenever a President or Governor of a State, appoints a day for "thanksgiving and praise," and whenever any man is made to suffer in body or mind for holding or uttering any opinion upon religion, the spirit and the letter of our National Constitution is violated.—Boston Investigator.

A character-reader need not necessarily be a psychometrist. But a psychometrist may be a character-reader, a diagnoser of diseases, a clairvoyant test medium, a prophetic medium, and all that partakes of sensitiveness and intuition! A psychometrist is more than either of the above named taken separately; it constitutes the whole combined—for it means to dissect the soul nature of man or to analyze his spiritual nature. Whoever does all this is worthy of the name, or entitled to be called a psychometrist. The rest are but branches of the mother tree, or when taken as above named separately. Such is psychometry as we understand it by experience and otherwise.

Sudden excitement frequently allays pain in children. By diverting their minds away from the centre of suffering in this manner the inflammation that produces the pain is dispersed; and if kept up, the climate which all such afflictions reach, may pass unnoticed. Active mental vibration also acts as healing fluid in those who have this gift—man becoming his own healing medium in such instances. Head ache of course requires tranquility because the brain itself is affected in this case. But in other acute sufferings sudden excitement is a relief and often a curative. It may be induced in children by any little device that will startle them, as the cry of "fire" sometimes does. It is both a relief to the sufferer and the attendants and therefore no "sin" as some might make themselves believe.

A man read a paragraph in the paper he was taking which he thought suited a rival. Marking the same he mailed it to the latter's address. Upon receiving it, this individual went to the office of the paper, berated the editor, and wanted to know why he had struck him so hard without cause. The editor was perfectly innocent of the damage he had done and did not even know that such a being as the accuser existed at all. Explanations proved that it was a mere philosophizing of human nature on part of the editor, and that truth always struck hard when it could find lodgement. So all are liable to be accused. We unwittingly tell the truth and especially tell the truth who make it an avocation. At length editors should have not a friend left in the world, for in the years of scribbling they are apt to reach every reader in some way, and if, instead of profiting by it, all were to follow the example of the above gentleman, this would become a sorry world indeed. However, we'll take the chances on it and leave the rest to fate—even if we have to tell another truth to get out of the first one, or tell one as an excuse for another.

IN ORDERING BOOKS  
We would particularly request that no postage stamps be sent in payment thereof. We have few of the books advertised in stock, simply ordering them as they are ordered, and, of course, must send in the cash (minus our commission) with the order. Postage Stamps are not accepted from us either by publishers or the Post Office in payment for money orders, and we thus become veritable exchangers of money for postage stamps. As we have not too much money and enough postage stamps on hand, we hope our readers will understand the hint.

## ARE ALL WRITERS MEDIUMS?

The man who writes of love or composes love songs need not necessarily be a love sick swain. If this rule held good throughout, what rogues the novel writers would be who depict the passions of thieves and murderers. Writers and composers are simply mediums or psychometrists and during the time of writing take on the conditions they are depicting, thus enabling them to give them as they exist. Mr. Weatherby, a composer was recently asked how he obtained his ideas for songs: "I scarcely know myself," was the reply. "They come at the most unexpected moments. Many people who read or sing my songs, particularly the love songs think I am a young man madly love smitten. It is nothing of the kind. I am an old married man and have a family of children. My sea songs are written far from the sea, and my rural songs miles from the country. Many suggestions for love songs have occurred to me while reading Aristotle. I cannot write unless I am happy. My most melancholy dirges were composed when I was in the best of spirits."

ALL GO TO HEAVEN NOW—BY BALLOT.  
Mortals dying in infancy, declares the Cincinnati Presbytery in its proposed revised articles of faith, go to heaven. For the past 200 years, only the elect or such infants as are born by believers were saved from hell fire and eternal damnation. It is really healthful and a hopeful sign to see that our Presbyterian brethren are becoming so generous, so liberal, so charitable—as even to admit other people's babies into the holy sanctuary of the Lord—an estate on which Presbyterianism has the largest mortgage and on which no titles are legal except endorsed by one of the elect.

This matter was first brought up at the general assembly in New York last May. At that time about fifteen Presbyteries made an overture to have amended the article of faith relating to the salvation of infants. Now, modern theology taught that all infants, heathen and christian alike (Spiritualists excepted, as they are neither heathen nor christian) go to heaven.

What these fifteen Presbyteries wanted was an amendment to the doctrine so as to confirm to the present belief.

The Presbyteries throughout the country are now voting on the matter. Thus far thirty-three have responded and of these two-thirds are in favor of the proposed revision. The other third are undoubtedly so creed-bound and set in their hell-fired doctrine that they dislike to give up the old for the new, or exchange a myth for a reasonable conclusion, or at least a charitable one.

The above was referred to a committee of the Cincinnati Presbytery some time ago and at a meeting held one evening last week reported in favor of the revision, though not changing the phraseology of the original doctrine, but giving it a broader meaning. A minority report suggested that the change be made by the addition of another paragraph explaining the disputed article.

Well, as long as they reach it; it is of no importance by what means. The main object is to save the infants from an everlasting roasting and toasting and frying and broiling, with no cold waves in prospect to freeze out the devil and his clerks, porters, fireman and elevator boys.

And all this accomplished by that wonderful medium—the ballot.

## AGE.

No greater enemy to man on the physical plane exists than age. He combats age like an aggravating tormentor that haunts him night and day. He wards him off by every available means that science is capable of inventing. Man hates age like poison or death, and watches every encroachment on his person like a cat watches the movements of a mouse. Every additional wrinkle is noted and additions made to the toilet case to meet the enemy. But age will come to all finally, and the best way to hide it, is to dress and comport oneself in accord with the same and not endeavor to do so by dress suited for a much younger person, or make physical exertions that only become a much younger person. Both are nauseating to sensible people and glaringly noticeable to both old and young—even children looking on with a sort of horror mingled with strange meditations at such antics and unnatural mode of dressing. To see an old man dress like a beau or a dude, or an old woman like a girl in her teens, gives them each a weird appearance; while putting on habiliments or conducting oneself becoming the age arrived at lends men and women the harmony necessary to make them respected and loved. It is better to go a little the other way, for it lends a charm not otherwise given to the being. Take for example a young man who conducts himself like an elder, or a pretty maiden dressing somewhat motherly or even grandmotherly, how it heightens their dignity and beauty in our estimation. This principle holds good to the end of life; but vanity in the human race has perverted man's intuitions and he now sees things reversed, distorted, wrong side up, or sees evil where there is good, untruth where there is truth, folly where there is wisdom, etc. And so many see youth or beauty in themselves where there is age or deformity plainly visible on the surface. Vanity, vanity, vanity, thou perverter of man's spiritual sight, his clairvoyant powers, his discernment, his intuitive forces or faculties or qualities—yet comforter to vain people in making them believe they are young and beautiful when they are old and haggard looking. Oh, thou blessed evil, hast kept many a heart beating hopefully—in vain—but perhaps for some good in the end, and thus we will not chide thee too severely. As for thy victims—well, the disappointments thou causest them is punishment enough. Age to such is a hateful monster; but to the suffering, the purified, the silent sufferer, the sweet and chastened soul, it is a welcome guest, an angel of light foreshadowing the ripening of a human spirit, soon to receive its long sought for reward, soon to enjoy the blessed peace it deserves and soon to be released from a condition of life in which age is neither felt nor seen; in which age only adds to one's youth and beauty; in which age means experience and wisdom. But to have age have this effect on the released spirit it must not despise age—it must not combat it or keep it hidden beneath a false exterior; for such a soul emotion keeps the spirit earth bound after its release from the body and so-called age becomes all the more intensified, glaring,

hideous. Welcome old age; hail it with joy; love it; and it will love you in the future, and this means harmony with heaven, harmony with nature, harmony with everything that is beautiful, godlike and angelic. But vanity or self-love does not lead there. Forget self and let nature unfold you as she will. Nature never errs, and if we find ourselves becoming old or wrinkled it is no mistake and we should not oppose it. It is like retarding growth or the ripening process of our better self. God knows best.

## HOW TO REPORT PHENOMENA.

In reporting the phenomena, contributors should be very careful to mention only such facts as tests that have a reasonable foundation. Saying that "a spirit materialized purporting to be my mother and called me child" is no test. Nor by adding that "she undoubtedly was, because I know the medium to be honest." Nor will such testimony be accepted by the world because you are honest in your investigations or sign yourself an honest believer. The test must have a positively practical and rational bearing, or *prima facie* something that leaves no room for doubt or suspicion. Old Spiritualists even smile with pity on such "tests" as the above and skeptics scoff at the credulity of the writer, and which leads many to believe that Spiritualists in general to be the most gullible and easily duped people in the world. It is best to say nothing about your experience than to report it in such a ragged way. Common sense is as much needed in dealing with spiritual affairs as with the material, and those who haven't perspicacity enough to know how to report a seance should consult a lawyer to learn the first rudiments in presenting facts or how they are accepted as testimony. To force our experiences on readers or hearers by impressing our own honesty on them often makes matter worse; for too much faith in dealing with spiritual phenomena is as bad as too much doubt or skepticism, and gives them all the more reasons to doubt. And to take umbrage at such doubt only proves that we are either in doubt ourselves or that we have been fooling ourselves in trying to believe too much. Let the test be so positive that you would not fear to give it as evidence in court, before publishing it, or imposing it on newspaper publishers, who often accept it for fear of offending someone if not accepted. Now, intelligent readers blame the writer of such unstable description of matters pertaining to the phenomena of Spiritualism—not the publishers, knowing the latter are generally gifted with judgment enough to know the difference between sense and nonsense. There are ignorant people though who believe to the contrary. But this proves the want of judgment and so their verdict have no weight with reasonable people. What we lack are practical minds to write up the phenomena at seances. Materialists or writers for the secular press on practical subjects do not understand the spiritual enough to give it truthfully. Scientific Spiritualists are "as scarce as hen's teeth" as yet, and our average newspaper contributors are better philosophers than they are scientists—caring too little for the phenomena to make this a study or attending seances for the purpose of giving the facts noted to the public. And strange, yet true, the phenomenologists have the smallest percentage of writers in their class; and the few that do sacrifice themselves for the cause are mostly enthusiasts, who, through their great love for the cause, rose-tint things too much for this practical age and the critical public before whom these "tests" are held up for examination and analysis. Spiritualists, above all other people, should be extremely practical in dealing with the skeptical world. Remember, the reporting of phenomena is not reading matter for Spiritualists so much as it is for investigators. The former need no "tests" from others. They have either had their own or are having them personally. But investigators need instructions of this sort, and we should be careful to make the so-called test have the appearance of a real test. If it cannot be done, it is no test and needs no public recording. The test need not be a personal one or come from a family spirit or a friend, either. A strange spirit may grant a mental wish that we made, and prove to us in this way that spirits know our secret thoughts, or a co-investigator may receive tests in our presence—to which we are witnesses that may be reported for him or with his consent, and so stated as to give the report veracity and individuality. But the thoughtless, rambling and often slipshod manner in which such manifestations are reported give them the appearance of fraud rather than spiritual facts, and lead to opinions of us that are anything but encouraging or complimentary. Hoping there may be a reform instituted in this respect very soon, we close by apologizing for saying as much as we did on the subject—should some of our friends have been accidentally hit by our much needed say-so. It is said that truth always hurts. Well, if it didn't, it would have no effect, either, and all our efforts would be in vain to make Spiritualism respected by making its adherents practical. A little sentiment is good in its proper place, but when we are dealing with hard facts, let them be presented in such a manner that they cannot be disputed or disproved except by personal investigation. Challenge the challenger—that will either make him shut up, or become a convert.

Truth has no birth, no death; it is eternal.

"DAMN IT!"  
Justice Hobbs of Baltimore recently dismissed a case against a patrolman who was charged with saying "damn it" while arresting a man, the judge explaining that the mere use of the word "damn" was no more significant than the word "durn," and that, so defined by Webster, when used by itself was not profane language. "If," continued he "the prisoner had used it in conjunction with the name of God, I would have found him guilty." We suppose the pronoun "you" would have had the same effect. Those who say "Jamn it" then must feel somewhat relieved to know that they can use the term hereafter without compromising their soul nature or be in danger of arrest.

## BRIEFS AND PERSONALS.

W.—Will appear in next issue.  
Our love to all subscribers—but please pay up!

Child waves run the thermometer down and the coal up.

The public school system of Texas excludes all religious exercises and instruction.

The sight of strawberries at this season of the year will probably bring forth an early crop of spring poets.

A fine production entitled "Eulogy on Woman," will appear in our Ladies' Department in issue February 15th.

A good slate writing medium is wanted in Canton, Ohio. Address with reference, E. T. Bowman, 187 East Eight street.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie speaks in Cleveland; Lyman C. Howe in Boston, and Mrs. Brigham in Brooklyn during February.

Mrs. J. A. Allen is the local speaker for the Elmira, N. Y., Spiritualists, and is reported as being a very estimable lady.

Hopkinsville, Ky., has a prodigy. It is a colored infant three months old, that talks as plainly as a child of three years does.

Nellie Bly has completed her trip around the world. She arrived in New York last Saturday, having made the tour in 72 days.

The "Star of Bethlehem" is again prophesied for this year. We have been looking for it since 1834, but, like the cold wave, it cometh not.

The latest fad in fashionable society is to have a couple of front teeth of one's false set filled with gold to give them the appearance of genuineness.

The German Reichstag has resolved to exempt students of theology from military service, and to extend to all the German colonies complete religious toleration.

To-morrow Mr. J. Clegg Wright lectures at G. A. R. Hall for the Cincinnati Society of Union Spiritualists. Admission in the morning free. Evening 15 cts.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing held several interesting services at Elmira, N. Y. She is now in Springfield, Mass., and may be addressed 93 Sherman street, care Star Pub. Co.

D.—Report too long. Must either reach us by Friday to insure insertion or be cut short. All matter that comes in on Monday and Tuesday must be brief to find any space left.

On Wednesday the fifth of February the Union Society will give a Bal Masque at their hall. All Spiritualists are invited to participate, but must secure a ticket of invitation from one of the officers.

The greatest known depth of the ocean is midway between the island of Tristana d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Platte. The bottom was then reached at a depth of 40,236 feet, or eight and three-quarter miles.

We have been so overrun with correspondence that several columns had to be left out of the last issue. We however, bring it on the seventh page, having had to rob the Youth's Department of space to do so.

1890 has begun its death harvest among the Chinese already. On the 9th of January a theatre collapsed in Shantung, killing 250, and on the 10th a steamer sank with 400 Chinese immigrants on board all of whom were drowned.

The many friends of Dr. J. B. Campbell will be pained to learn that he has been severely indisposed with the prevailing disease, La Grippe. We learn however that he is slowly recovering and trust he will soon be able to circulate among us.

The Topeka, Kas. Society, we are informed, had to cancel their engagement with Mrs. Sheehan of this city, on account of bad weather and the financial results that this brings forth. Though sorry for Topeka, many Cincinnatians will be delighted to know that their favorite speaker is not going.

Sunday services are now being conducted at Willis' Hall, 21 Broadway. The same begin at 3 o'clock precisely. Last Sunday Dr. Eldridge closed the services with tests and psychometric readings. This gentleman will probably be engaged to conduct the entire services in the future. Those who find Sunday afternoon monotonous may find it profitable to wend their way in that direction.

Mrs. Glading closed her engagement with the Union Society of this city last Sunday evening. A large audience was present and her closing lecture was exceedingly interesting, speaking of the moral experiences of man from the cradle to the grave. After the lecture a resolution of thanks was tendered her publicly and

closed with applause. Mrs. Glading is in good spirits and gave us a most excellent character readings, about which all, which were acknowledged as such. She leaves with the good wishes of all, and will be missed by all.

Mr. L. C. Meeker of East Chicago, O., sends in an objection to Dr. C. Abbott being called a Spiritualist. He thinks "Sippho" was not justified in lying so. In augmentation of his protest he sends a clipping from the Tribune of Jan. 21st '99 with Dr. Abbott's installation speech which is a mixture of Jesuitism.—Probably as Dr. Abbott is an orthodox Christian, but as he is in the pulpit he is an inspired spokesman things which lead some of his hearers to the belief that he is talking Spiritualism.

We serve our contributors as circumstances will permit. If articles or correspondences do not reach the issue following the receipt of the payment, it is because enough matter is already on hand, or, in other words, the paper is full, and will not admit of any more. Patience with us as we are having a time to progress in order to have our contributors made happy. A magazine is not like a street car in which there is always room for one more. Type is admitted of quite so much common human flesh does, and thus but a small amount of matter can be squeezed in.

Literary.  
On The Inside. Sanford & Co. of New York, announce for February 1st a book by Mrs. Florence Fitch called "France—A story for Men and Women," aroused much controversy last summer. Its rather puzzling title, "The Inside," is partially explained on page 1, "I wanted to get on the inside of the wheels and see the wheels go round." The work Mrs. Kelly has opened up a new field in American fiction. It is a colored infant three months old, that talks as plainly as a child of three years does.

The National Magazine for February will contain an interesting article by Schiele de Vere, of the University of Chicago, entitled "How we Write," giving many curious historical facts. Rev. J. Quinn, L.L.D., will contribute "The Literature." F. W. Harkins, Chairman of the National University, will give his essays on Snakespire. Aggressive readers will be especially interested in an announcement of a New Year's gift this University of farm property, valued at \$25,000, which will be utilized for agricultural department to teach practical farming to needy young men who desire to earn their expenses while in college. Other articles are by Dr. T. S. Thomas and eminent divines. Published at 147 Throop street, Chicago. Sample copy 10 cents.

Progression, or How a Spirit Lives in Spirit Life. The Evolution of the Price 15 cents. This work of 15 pages packed with most excellent condensed of important ideas concerning present spirit life. "Purified spirits are those who have become so refined and exalted in mentality and in form, that they are with super-earthly splendor and thought and knowledge, range to infinite boundaries." Prof. Faraday explains how high impulses from high spirits, arouse activity in earthly minds and lead to advance in spiritual development. In the second part he treats of the evolution of man from the lower animal life, and anticipates in many instances the latest discoveries of Scientists on the origin of the human race. For sale at this office.

Vick's Floral Guide.—We have received from James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., his Floral Guide, which in beauty of appearance and convenience of arrangement surpasses anything in this line which we have ever had the privilege of seeing. It is a pamphlet eight by ten inches in size, and with the covers which means the least important part of it contains an even one hundred pages, though called a "floral guide," it is devoted to vegetables as well, and includes a list and description of both hardy vegetables and also small fruits as they be brought within the compass of this size.

In all that the Vicks have undertaken their aim seems to have been to attain near to absolute perfection as possible and probably no one ever did so well towards bringing the cultivation of vegetables to the high standard which it has attained as did the head of this firm. The firm takes the same pride in their choice vegetables as in developing their seeds for a number of years and is able to recommend them in the most terms.

We advise all our readers to send for the Guide (which can be obtained from first order); and if there are any of our lady friends who can be growing a natural rose which will compare in beauty with the New Striped shown in the illustration, we should like to receive an invitation to call and see it.

Largest Structure Erected by Man.  
The great pyramid of Ghizeh is the largest of any kind ever erected by the hand of man. Its original dimensions were 764 feet square, and its peculiar height, in the highest point, it covers over four acres of ground. It has been estimated to have cost more than \$145,000,000. Internal evidence shows that the great pyramid was begun about the year 2700 B. C., about the time of the birth of Abraham. It is estimated to have used 5,000,000 tons of heavy stones, and is built on a foundation of about 700,000 quarries in Arabia.







## LIFE.

Concluded from Page 1.

worth the living. The painful sensations of the moment make it unworth the living. But when one steps outside of personality, he will begin to realize the object of action; of life. So what is the condition of advanced humanity at present, relative to life and its activities? The mind, which in a degree apprehends the higher, nobler, purposes of life, can look with but sympathy and sorrow upon struggling, suffering humanity; at the misdirected energies, the waste of life tissue, appreciating the fact that the ultimate result, though long deferred, must be a perfected manhood, to a perfected spiritualism—then to a perfected super spirituality. The result of all past life, affirms that each age was an improvement upon the one preceding in organic life, which means that the spiritual essence, the creative energies become more certive, more pronounced, more potent.

It is amusing to see with what ingenuity logicians attempt to sustain preconceived notions by arguing things as they think they ought to be, and not as they really have been and are. As, for instance, one will attempt to reason that human physical immortality is the proper thing if everything was as it should have been. Such a one's logic is simply an effort to formulate an unknown cause by reasoning back from an unknown or supposed effect. It would be proving too much to establish the non-transformation of matter. It would be reasoning Divinity into an error, and that the error should supplant the truth. Physical life is a succession of recoveries from collapses in animated matter. It had its primordial or incentive periods. Its longevity is dependent upon the nature and quality of the organism modified by external conditions. Should one succeed in proving the perpetuity of organic life, or the possibility of its unending, simply proves that it never had a beginning, or that the rules of laws governing matter are as fickle as the winds. Every living person is a witness to the beginning and growth of some personal physical life. It is true, that the more perfect the conditions, the more perfect the results, and where the horse now lives, say twelve years, the average might possibly be raised to twenty years. Where the life of physical man now is three score and ten years, it might possibly be five or six score years. The very fact that conditions determine the duration of physical life, proves its mortality. But, says some one, if more perfect the conditions, more perfect the results, why can we not say the perfect result would be immortal physical life. When we say that we are simply getting astride of another kind of a horse to ride over the abyss between time and eternity. The only reason we are able to see and reason about physical man is because he is transient, formation mortal. That which has eternal life defies all interference, is without, beyond the reach of any one, or all of our five senses. The current theological idea that death (as we understand the meaning of that word) was the punishment or penalty of primal man; first seizing such interpretation or conclusion is unworthy the label of sense, science or sorcery, much less of divine wisdom or will. It is just as natural to die or cease in the physical form as it is to grow into the physical form. There is a physical body and a spiritual body—the physical is temporal, the spiritual is eternal. It is quite common for the progressive, inquisitive mind to weary in waiting for the unseen life to be proven by present aids of reasoning—many fall by the way and surrender the chase, taking refuge in palpable matter. This most surely is retrogression. The naturalist who becomes absorbed in tangible things is unfitted for riding on waves of thought from the unseen. He reads lessons in the strata of the mountain, in the sea, in the plants, in the stars, all as matter per se. He does not attempt an analysis of the life power or force that gives birth to the tear-drop—of the articulated sound heralding joy or sorrow of the life within. The music of the harp to him is nothing; the harp is the substance. The force is his forum, the change is his glee. For a moment I shall drop abstraction, and think more in the concrete, personal, present, emotional, and perhaps be kindly critical. When we attempt to consider the subject of life, we are dealing with that which is broad and varied, as creation has much, has most, to do in interpreting the various phases of life, its character, its uses, and its purposes. The three years I have directed thought in the channel of modern and moderate Spiritualism, it has been one continuous bath in a bottomless sea of love, of kindly emotions. I read more distinctly truths of spirit life, from the visible higher type of vegetable life. I see more distinctly the sequence, all along the line of life, from the mollusk to the highest type of man. I more keenly realize that the life activities of a period, of an epoch, culminate in a more perfected, the struggles of yesterday are conducted victories to day, by the elimination of proven errors. An error may stand, but cannot retire a truth. The life, the struggle of the which resulted from the

experience ever persisting in writing and harmonizing inferior elements to a still grander result in the programme of creation, alike in the vegetable, the animal, the spiritual, and, I will add, the super spiritual realms. This, I would say to the inquirers, is the object of your living, your acting. Then do not, Mr. Orthodoxist, plunge the sword to the hilt, and attempt to wound the character of your life. The base of your action, the philosophy of your spirit and soul. Then do not, Mr. Spiritualist, for, above all others, you should not belittle that struggle which has rolled along with the centuries, groaning and moaning with its burden of errors, and yet, with all of the errors, Christendom is a garden of comparative spiritual worth and beauty.

When vegetation stretches forth its arms To sip the sweetness of the summer charms When lilacs and the roses call the ray Most suited for their beautiful display, When tulips gaily deck the wearer's crown And tuberoses seek to sorrow drown, When sky reflects the beauties of the earth And imitates the flower in its birth By suling freighted clouds for tinted ray, With which to coronate the closing day, When air is full of insect life and song, And thunder surge the base amidst the throng.

Oh! man, why not enjoin their sacred song, For millions in sincerity are led To think there is no resurrected dead.

Written for The Better Way.  
TURN YE TO THE NATURAL LIFE.  
A STUDENT OF NATURE.

'Tis time we knew that all would go out of existence unless the spiritual is preserved in the material life. Without preservation of the body in the flesh there is no life. Without the trunk there would be no fruit. I was led to these thoughts by the following:

In the July number of The Esoteric Sarah E. True comments on what the Esoteric belief is as follows in part: "One God, the creator of all things, manifested through nature; not a personal God sitting upon a throne, with love and anger intermingled. Instead, a loving, unchangeable father. The divine will is that we become conscious of the God within us, that God works through us, and that if we are studious and thoughtful in the ways of doing good, we can control our bodies and make them what we will."

She says: "The true, actual measure of every man's religion and life, is the amount of good he unselfishly does in the world." True. "That if we come to live the life that Jesus taught us, we must give up all the earthly loves that bind us to earth and live continually in our higher loves and those higher illuminations of consciousness, which alone are subjects of true contemplation. The consciousness of the masses is awake only to the external, and they find themselves in confusion, unhappiness and sorrow; and the first step out of such a condition is to go into the interior of our being and find the God within us."

A part I can subscribe to, but as to "giving up our worldly loves," what was the world made for and why are we put here? If we live in our "higher illuminations," as expressed here and by many Spiritualists, where is our material or worldly subsistence to come from? Just where we are our duty is. Every drop of sap must do its duty in health, every inch of the way from the tiniest roots as it gathers in the darkness underground, until it ascends to the light of day through trunk, branch, blossom, to the full fruition of the fruit. I believe it to be this giving up our worldly loves that has led us to "confusion, unhappiness and sorrow."

Under a strong inspirational power, some five years ago, I was moved to say nature is God, and electricity is the soul of God. From time to time I began to reason about it; finding the latter permeating all things being the light to our sight; the tongue of our intelligence; the hands of our moving power; the strength of our existence; the power of our mechanism; the warmth of our life; the dissolving and reforming crucible of growth and the all moving and vitalizing power of our existence, I could not settle my belief in any other way.

God, then, is here, and more so to us than elsewhere, and could we forsake him in mankind and our surroundings, in our earthly loves for a time even without pain? There can be no higher love while we live on earth than that we can make in our neighbors, for it is through the gates of their sympathy and help we must pass on to heaven. The only God we will ever find here or over there is nature, which answers all the questions humbly asked, as to religion or himself as far as we have grown into an understanding in ourself. Then our duty to God is, wherever we are. We might as well attempt to cut out our elbow and do work with the hand as to expect to carry ourselves to another world right by empty words without the work; yet many seem to think so the way they neglect and abuse our physical life, by a play of words about a dim heaven somewhere behind a misty cloud of suppositions. I tell you that if you put a dollar in that poor woman's hand for making a shirt, instead of seven cents, you will see the face of God smiling there. The road to heaven lies right through the world, otherwise it would never have existed,

if we could have been born in the next, and we cannot gain it by casting out and punishing the poor body for so-called crimes. The very God in humanity cries out for help to those born in the errors of thousands of years. Ask any living soul are you convinced that you need punishment from another, no matter what he may have done, does he not fight against it? All know life opposes interference with their wishes. Then, if the human mind is universally opposed to infringement of personal rights, and proclaims liberty throughout all existence, why do we not carry out the right we ask of others, to be left alone? We cannot put sense into another by force, as we can not see, hear, smell, taste nor touch for another; no more than we walk for another. We can tell what was good for us, but we are powerless to walk past the guard of thought in man, and force ours in his bodily home. Then why do we persist in trying to think or act for another against his will?

We have yet to learn that nothing can be destroyed, or all things would be endangered, but all must change in the course of growth. It is our duty to save in the present. We cry out God help us; let us help God by helping those lost in so-called crime existing before they came—in the very womb they feel the effects of it. If we do not, God, nature, has to help them and help us too. Our duty is healthy exercise, a helping hand, a union of spirit forgiveness and then our bodies will flutter down to earth on the eve of an allotted age, like the leaves of a full grown rose, and the sweetness of our duty will ascend with us to our new home without giving up any love here.

We ask people to "get religion," "come to Jesus," "believe in God," "have faith," which is like asking company to sit down and take supper at the bare boards of a table. We are always talking about "our Savior." Now if he could speak to us to-day he would say, I mean you should be "our Savior" equal with me by saving first yourself and next your neighbors from distress, sickness and disorder, for I cannot be "your Savior" without the saving power in yourself.

To sum up, to allow ourselves to become physically weak by neglecting the substantial life of the body for the more ethereal substance before it has grown in it by our cultivation and work, is to lose a part of our life in nature, as much as it is to lose a limb from our body, and a more dangerous symptom than we imagine, until we examine into the consequences of our neglect in understanding that we would very God himself by putting ourselves in many ways in the road of the true growth of nature. Take the natural marital law of mating and production, the force of mankind is so terribly strong in thought and action against the natural and well-known law of growth and progress, that if there ever was a sin that brought its own punishment, it is the terrible results of sickness, disorder and mental weakness now apparent in mankind. The pains we have are the penalties, and yet we persist in disobeying the law, which is not God's punishment, but our own by disobeying a law made for our pleasure and to keep us from hurting ourselves.

Again we hinder the proper course of life in nature by destroying man and his chance of redemption here by punishment and hanging against the will of God, which is expressed by him in every man, woman and child, and every moving and creeping thing, by "don't hurt me!" Punishment has been tried for centuries, and this very day as I was returning from the cemetery, from the funeral of a young man worn out already—27 years old—by struggling to assist a brother and sister and a widowed mother. I heard the remark when passing an immense building, the city workhouse, "As large as it is, it is not large enough to hold all. There are seven hundred in there sometimes, and they turn them out before their sentence is fulfilled." Now let us try the redeeming power by saving, peaceable, forgiving ways. Let us believe in liberty, protection and one life, the helping of all and destruction of nothing. Nature allows no total destruction, and if we put man out of sight he will appear again. You have imprisoned him in your own mind and you can never get rid of him until you let him out in peace and comfort for forgiveness and help. We have no business to judge, condemn and execute another who has not committed that act against himself, no more than we have to collect a bill from one who has contracted it with another.

We render ourselves physically weak by deception and falsehood, by anger and sensuality; the one power and the other production, both excellent under self control. Let us prove in ourselves here, "He doeth all things well," before we seek a far-off heaven and a distant God, for it is in the province of the roots to send up the healthy substance to the blossoms, flowers and fruits arisen from the earth to the happy sunshine above and the blessings that flow back will ripen the seeds of wisdom in the white headed old age of "three score years and ten" when we come to be gathered together in our new home.

## Some Nom de Plumes.

Oliver Optic was the non de plume of Wm. T. Adam; Sidney Luska was Henry Harland; Cincinnati was Joaquin Miller; Eli Perkins was M. London; Richard and Edmund Kirke was J. R. Gilmore; Max O'Rell was Paul Blonett; Ike Marvel was Donald G. Mitchell; Petroleum V. Nasby was a Mr. Locke; Timothy Titecomb was a Dr. Holland; Mrs. Partington was originally B. P. Shillaber; J. S. O'Dale was F. J. Simson.

## Time Measurement.

Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylon there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as 60. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs, or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into 60 minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour, at the time of the equinox, to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the 14 equinoctial hours was fixed at 24 parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. The system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe.

## Marvelous Cure by Dr. A. B. Dobson.

Dr. A. B. Dobson—Dear Sir—One of the greatest cures has been performed by you in my family that medicine has ever done. My daughter Emma was sick for months with a complication of diseases, and was attended by three physicians, until she got so low she could not turn in bed or scarcely swallow, and all hopes gone for her recovery. At this critical period we sent for your remedies and commenced giving them to her. In a few hours we could see a change for the better, and in three days she was up, and, after taking the remedies a few months, she is as well as any person in the country. No one would think she had ever been so near the grave. The most remarkable thing about this case is this: After she could get around the house she ate two many oysters, which made her very sick. The next day I wrote to Dr. Dobson, stating the case; but before I put this letter into the office I received one from him answering every question in the letter that I had not sent, he also sending more remedies, which soon completed her cure. This showed me he could answer questions by some power outside of himself. I wish I could let everybody know the great power Dr. Dobson has in curing suffering humanity, and I earnestly ask you to write to me in regard to this case, for I am willing to give testimony under oath to the above facts. H. B. HUNT.

Illanover, Illinois.  
The above story was told, a short time ago, by Mr. Hunt to Calvin E. Northrop, a highly respected citizen of Maquoketa, Maquoketa Record.

See ad in another column.

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